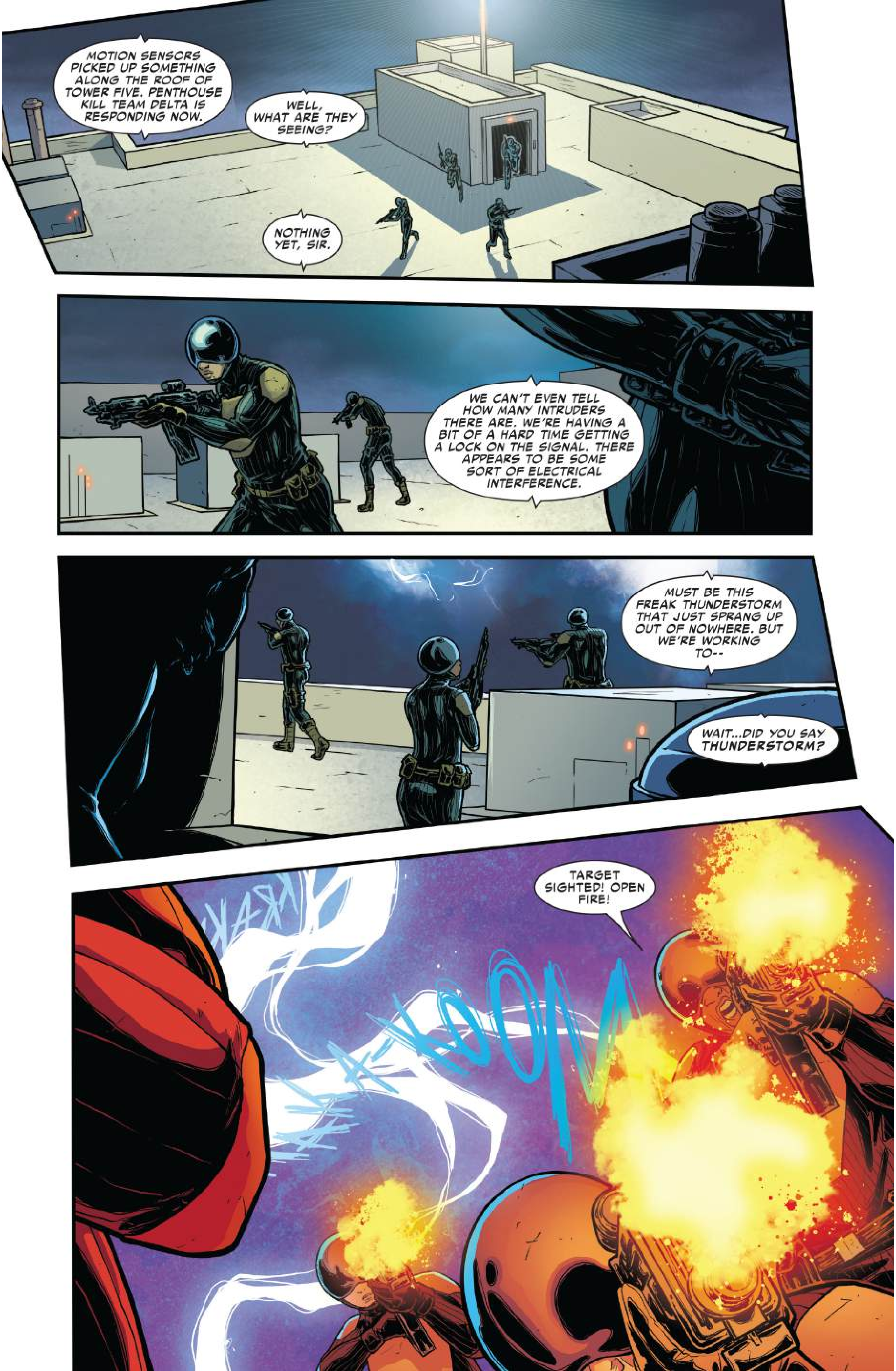
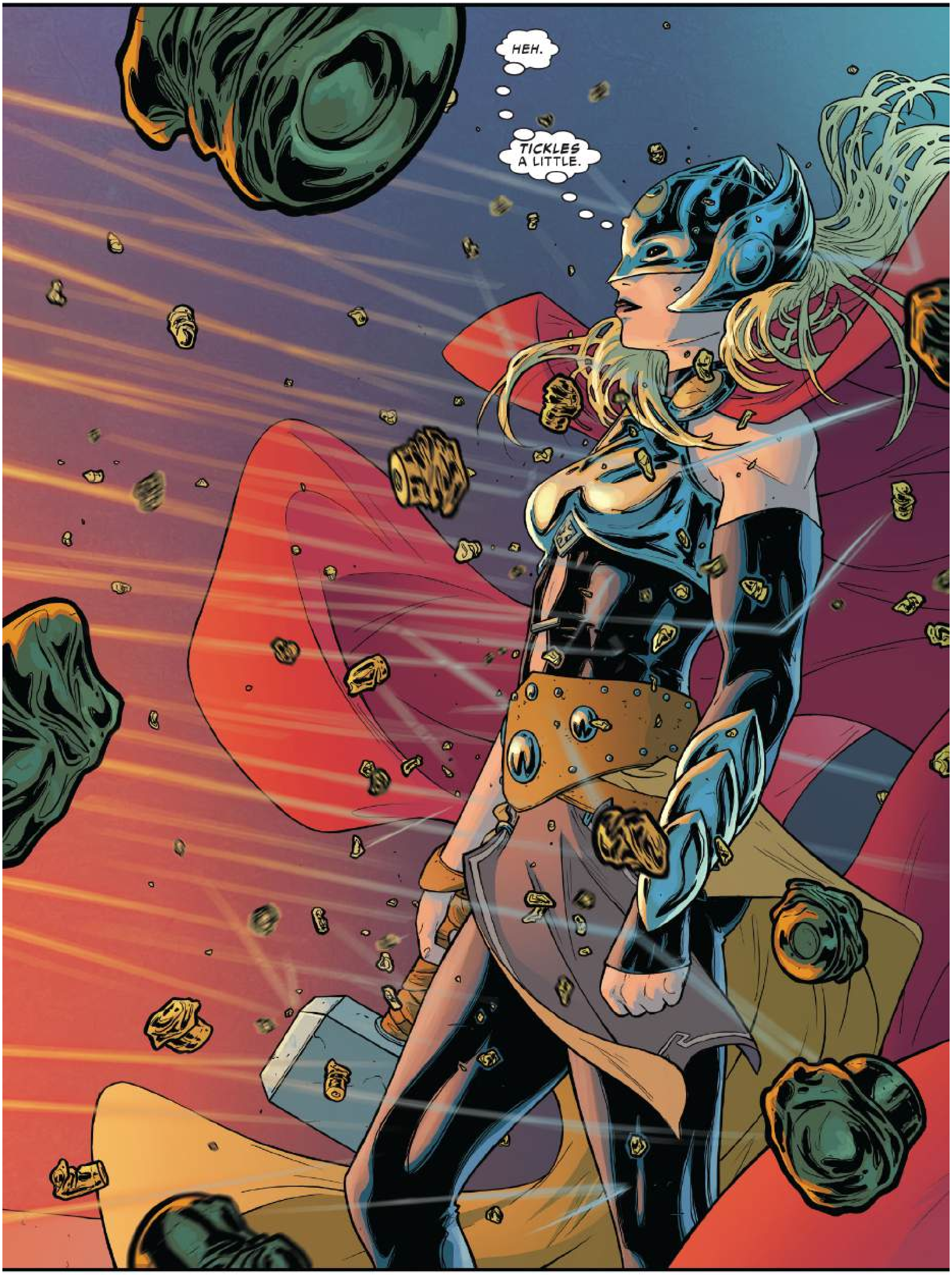
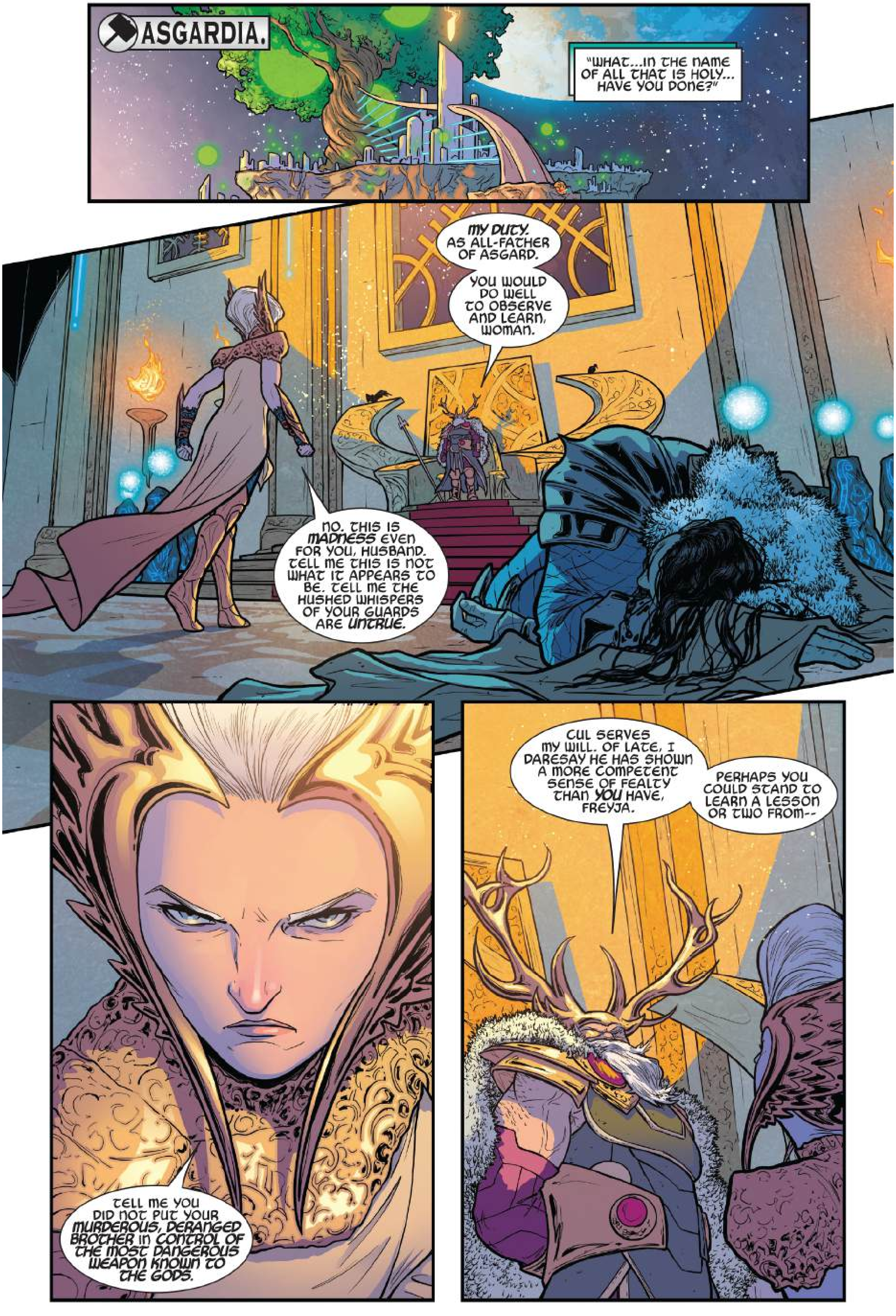
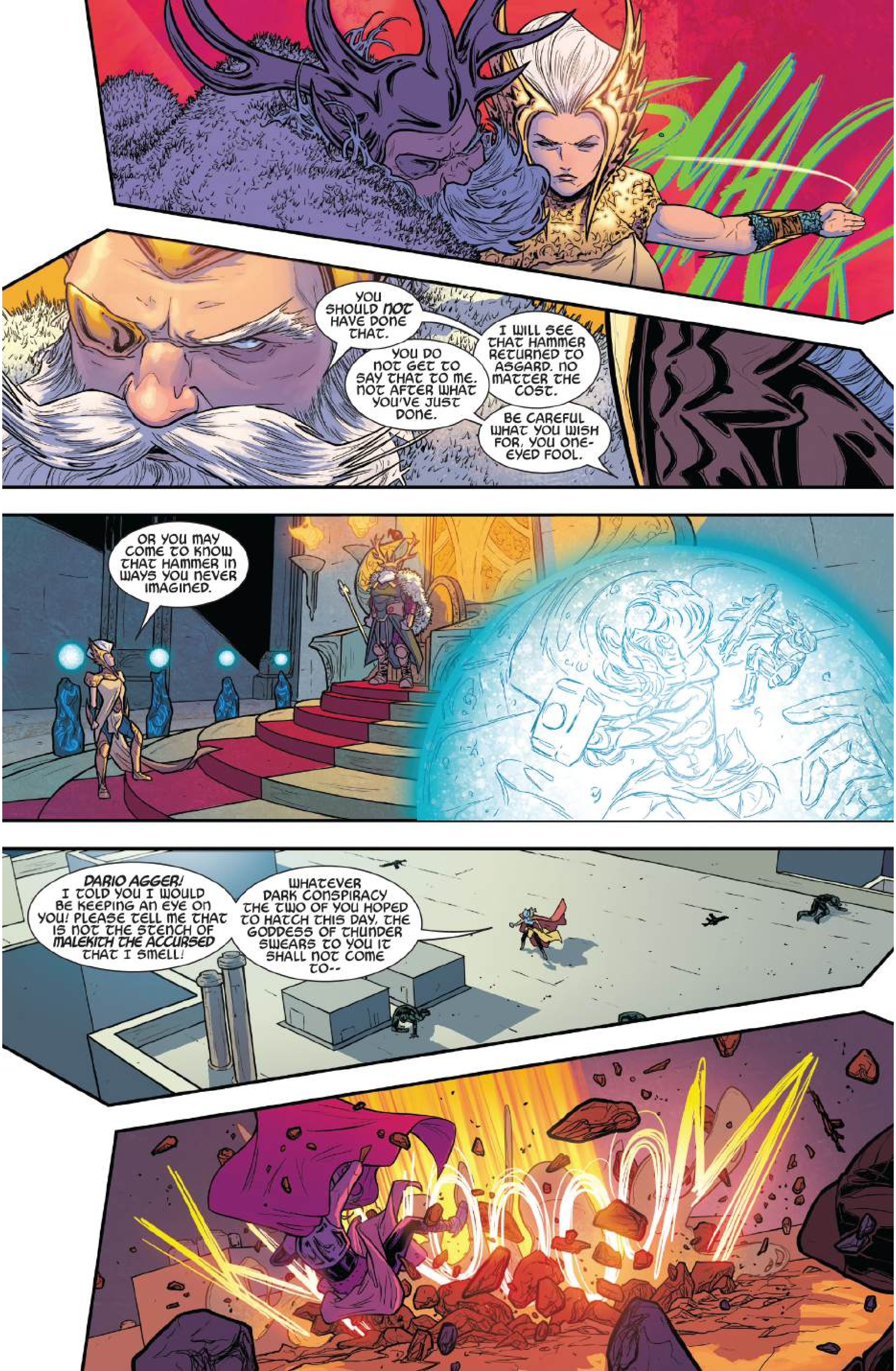
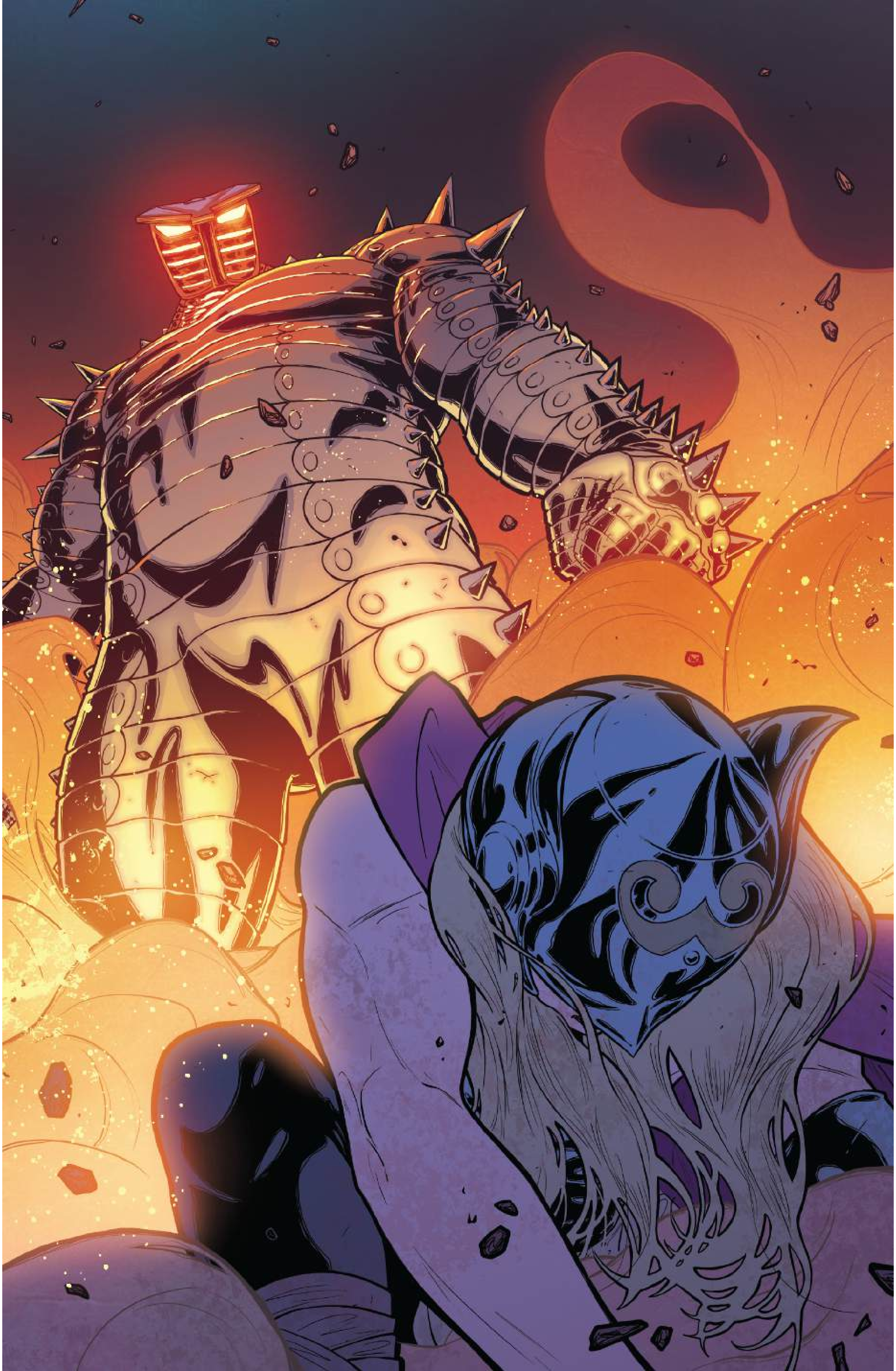
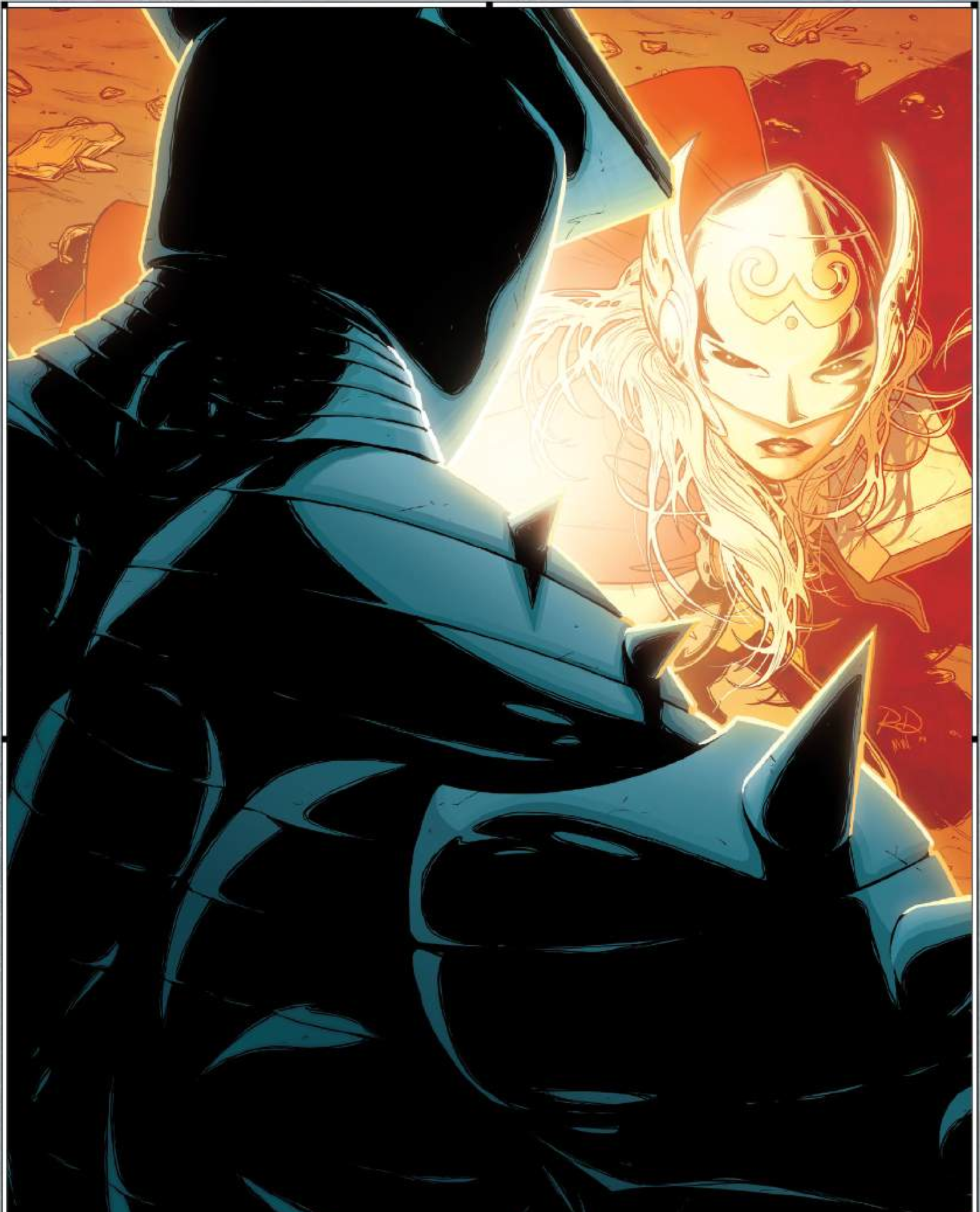

MOTION SENSORS PICKED UP SOMETHING ALONG THE ROOF OF TOWER FIVE. PENTHOUSE KILL TEAM DELTA IS RESPONDING NOW.
WELL, WHAT ARE THEY SEEING?
NOTHING YET, SIR.
WE CAN'T EVEN TELL HOW MANY INTRUDERS THERE ARE. WE'RE HAVING A BIT OF A HARD TIME GETTING A LOCK ON THE SIGNAL. THERE APPEARS TO BE SOME SORT OF ELECTRICAL INTERFERENCE.
MUST BE THIS FREAK THUNDERSTORM THAT JUST SPRANG UP OUT OF NOWHERE. BUT WE'RE WORKING TO--
WAIT...DID YOU SAY THUNDERSTORM?
TARGET SIGHTED! OPEN FIRE!
KRAKA-KOOOM


HEH.
TICKLES A LITTLE.


ASGARDIA.
"WHAT...IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT IS HOLY... HAVE YOU DONE?"
*MY DUTY.* AS ALL-FATHER OF ASGARD.
YOU WOULD DO WELL TO OBSERVE AND LEARN, WOMAN.
NO. THIS IS *MADNESS* EVEN FOR YOU, HUSBAND. TELL ME THIS IS NOT WHAT IT APPEARS TO BE. TELL ME THE HUSHED WHISPERS OF YOUR GUARDS ARE *UNTRUE*.
TELL ME YOU DID NOT PUT YOUR *MURDEROUS, DERANGED BROTHER* IN *CONTROL OF THE MOST DANGEROUS WEAPON KNOWN TO THE GODS.*
CUL SERVES MY WILL. OF LATE, I DARESAY HE HAS SHOWN A MORE COMPETENT SENSE OF FEALTY THAN *YOU* HAVE, FREYJA.
PERHAPS YOU COULD STAND TO LEARN A LESSON OR TWO FROM--

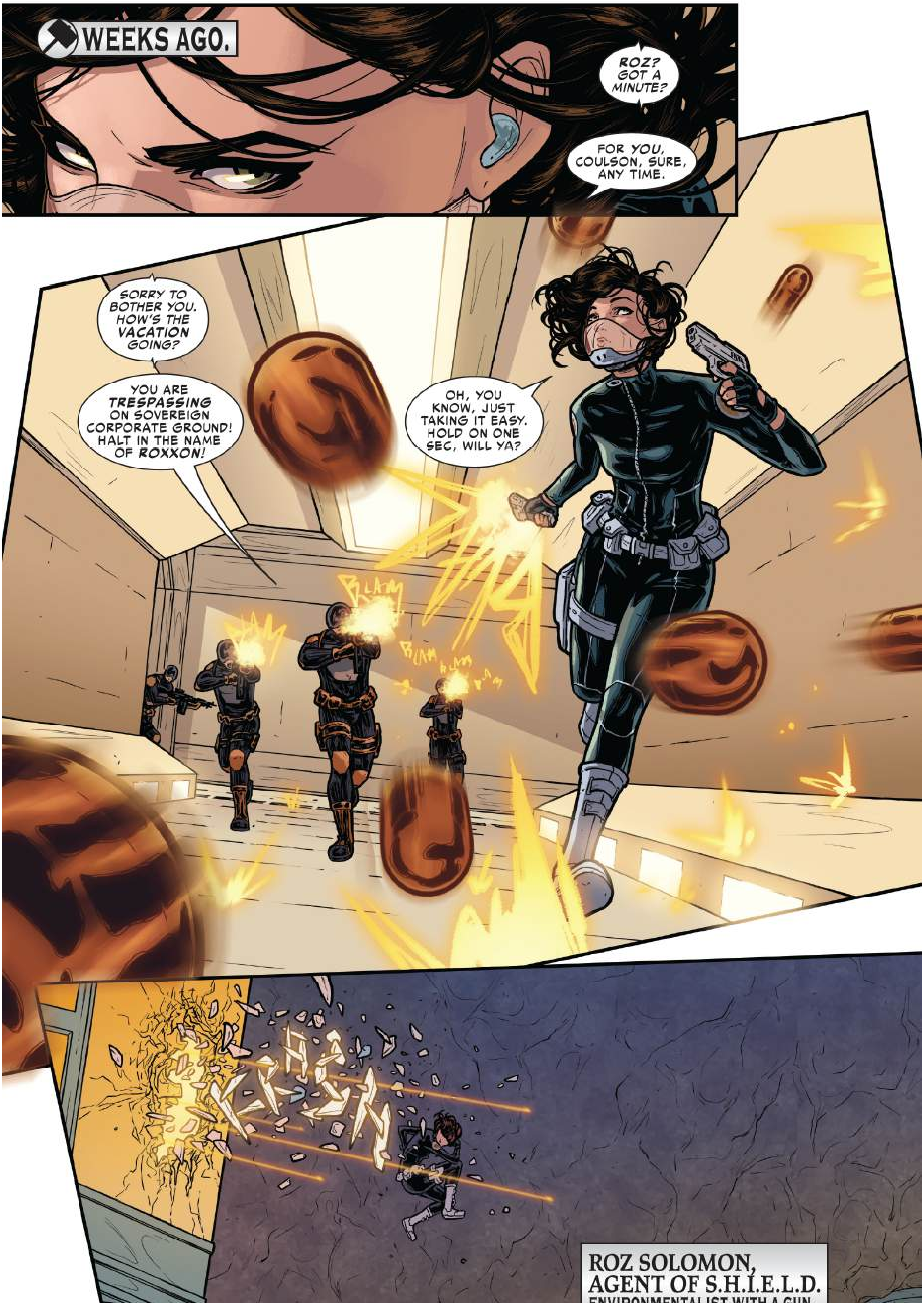

YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE DONE THAT.
YOU DO NOT GET TO SAY THAT TO ME. NOT AFTER WHAT YOU'VE JUST DONE.
I WILL SEE THAT HAMMER RETURNED TO ASGARD. NO MATTER THE COST.
BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR, YOU ONE-EYED FOOL.
OR YOU MAY COME TO KNOW THAT HAMMER IN WAYS YOU NEVER IMAGINED.
DARIO AGGER! I TOLD YOU I WOULD BE KEEPING AN EYE ON YOU! PLEASE TELL ME THAT IS NOT THE STENCH OF MALEKITH THE ACCURSED THAT I SMELL!
WHATEVER DARK CONSPIRACY THE TWO OF YOU HOPED TO HATCH THIS DAY, THE GODDESS OF THUNDER SWEARS TO YOU IT SHALL NOT COME TO--

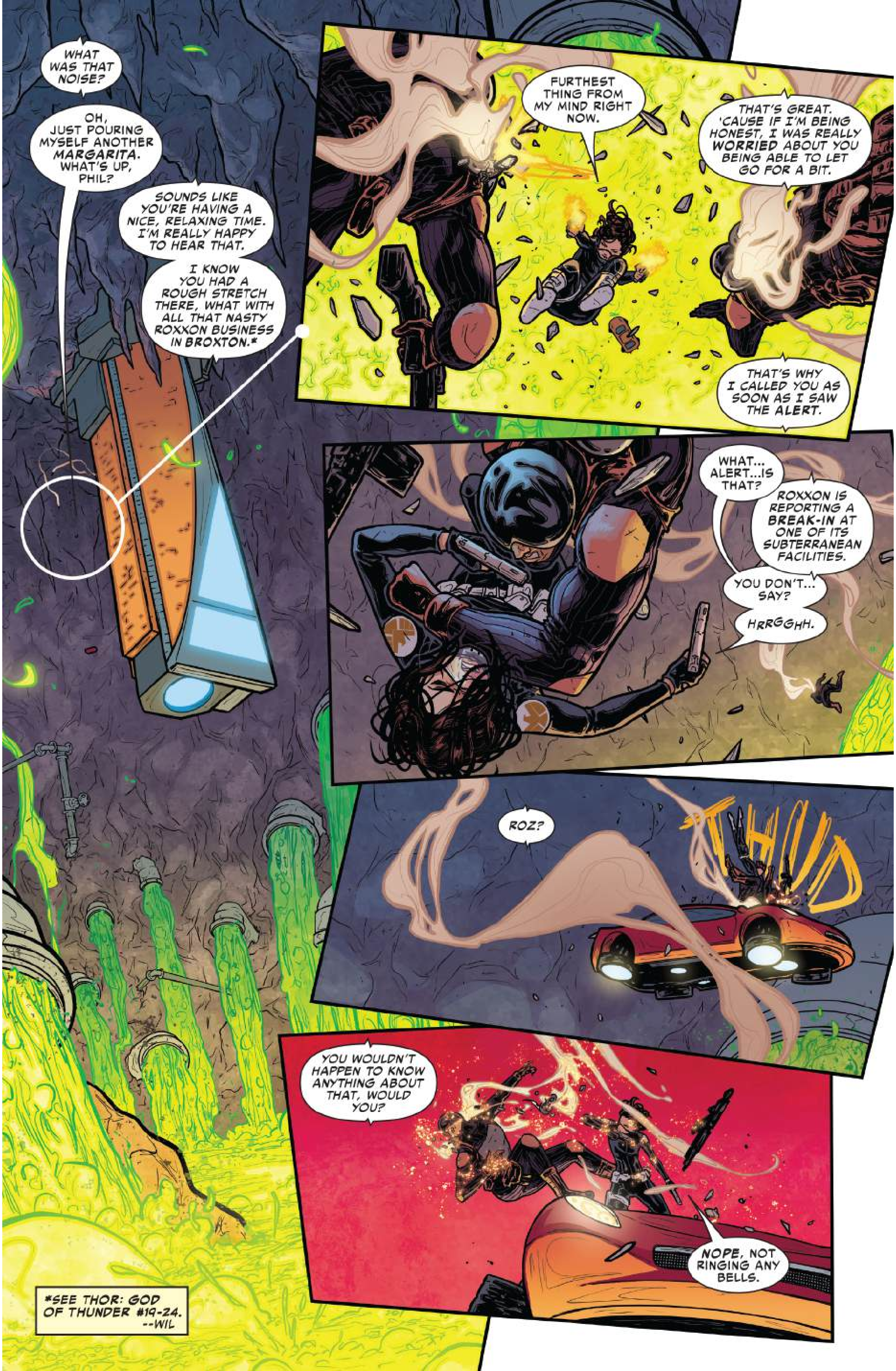


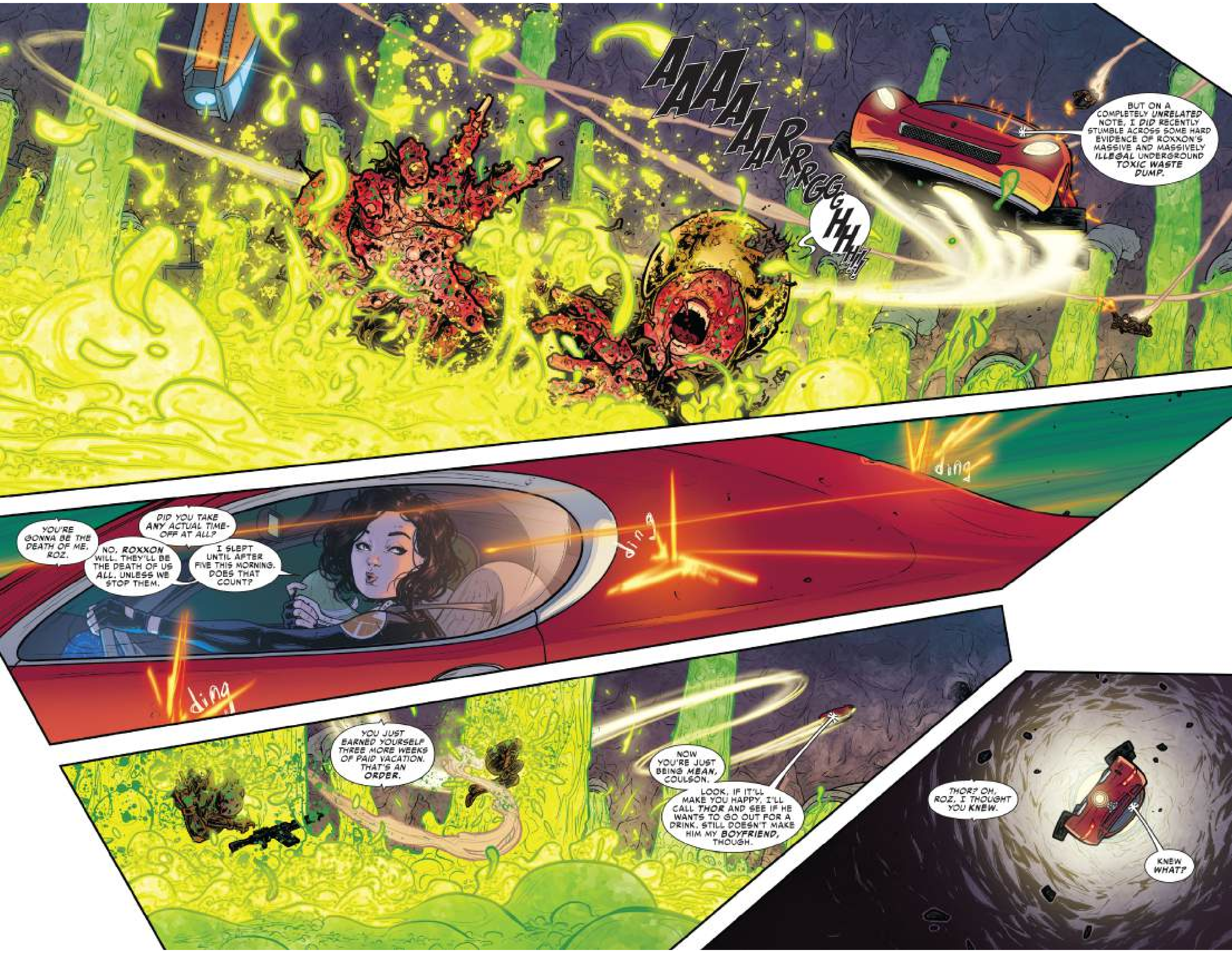


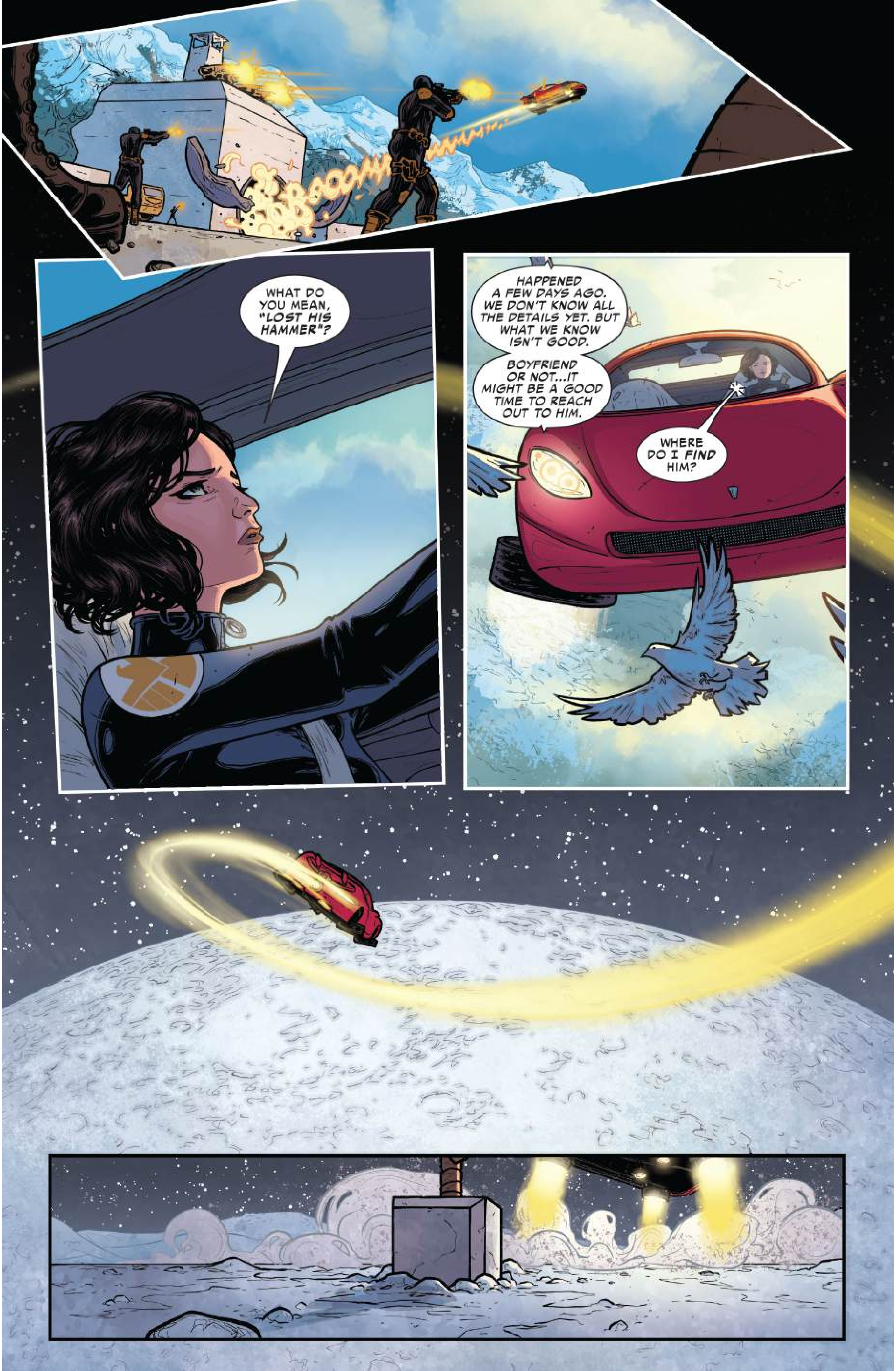
## THOR (2014) | 7

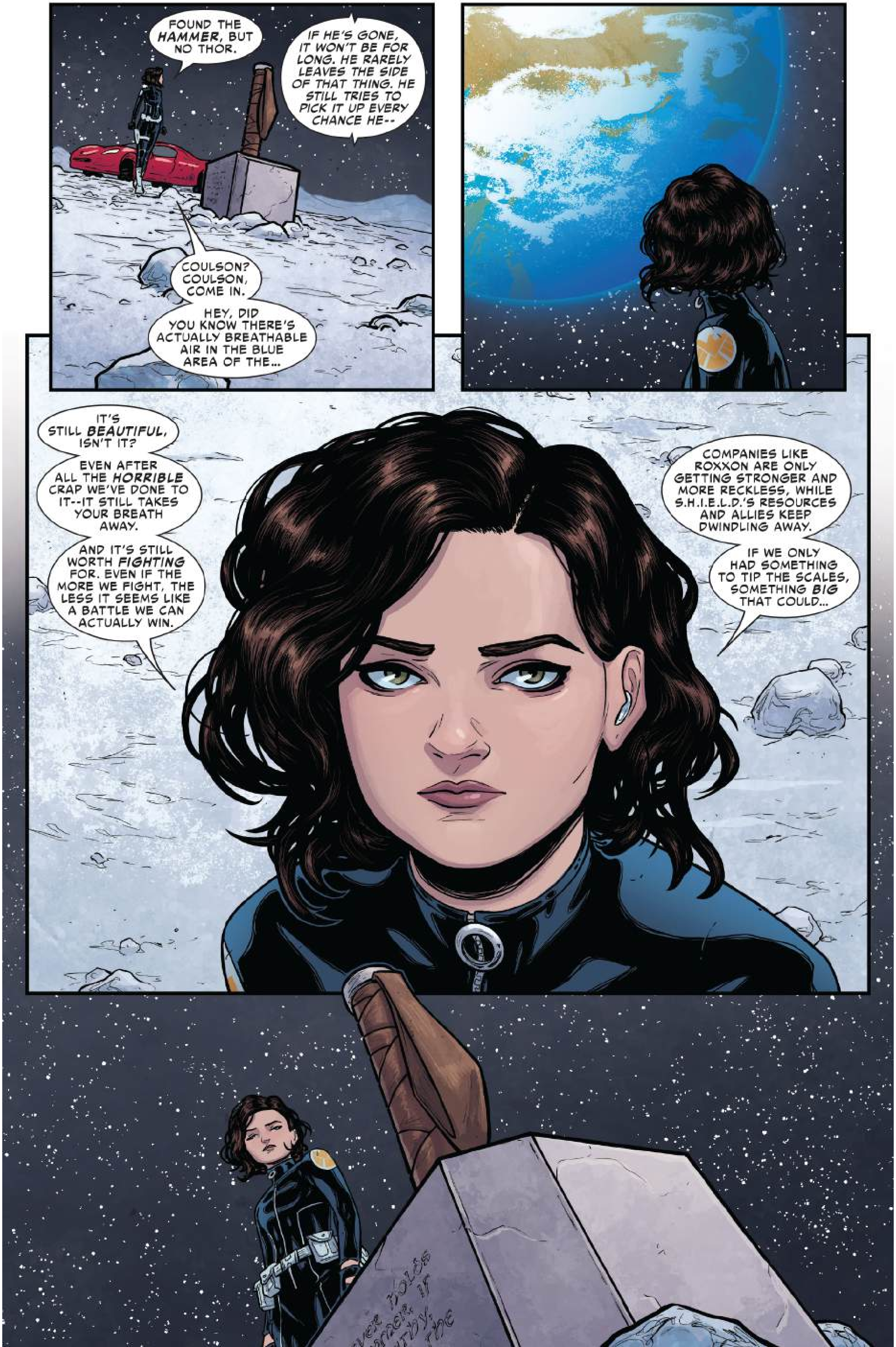
### The Battle for the Hammer

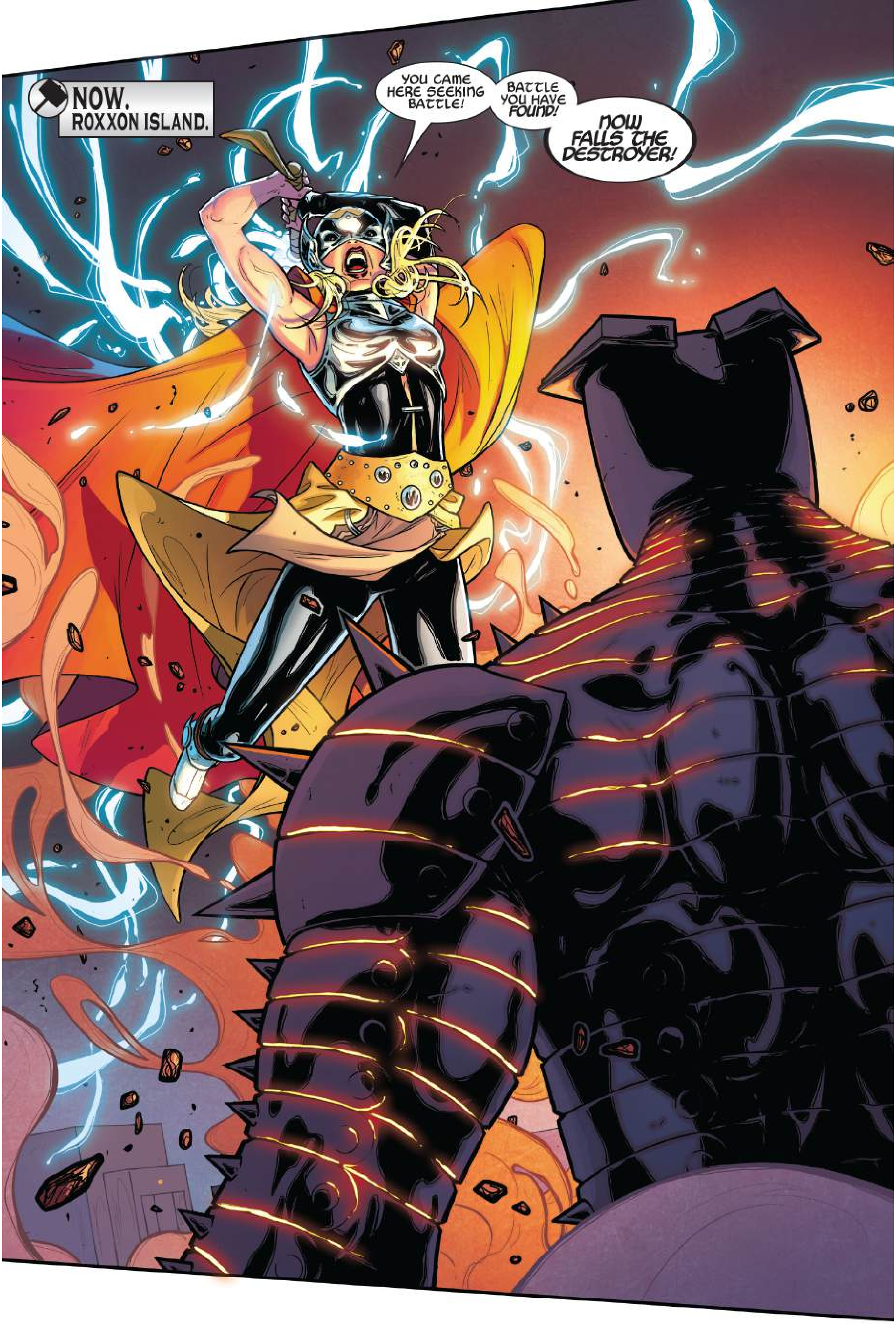

WEEKS AGO.
ROZ? GOT A MINUTE?
FOR *YOU*, COULSON, SURE, ANY TIME.
SORRY TO BOTHER YOU. HOW'S THE *VACATION* GOING?
YOU ARE *TRESPASSING* ON SOVEREIGN CORPORATE GROUND! HALT IN THE NAME OF *ROXXON!*
OH, YOU KNOW, JUST TAKING IT EASY. HOLD ON ONE SEC, WILL YA?
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
KRASH
ROZ SOLOMON, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.
ENVIRONMENTALIST WITH A GUN.

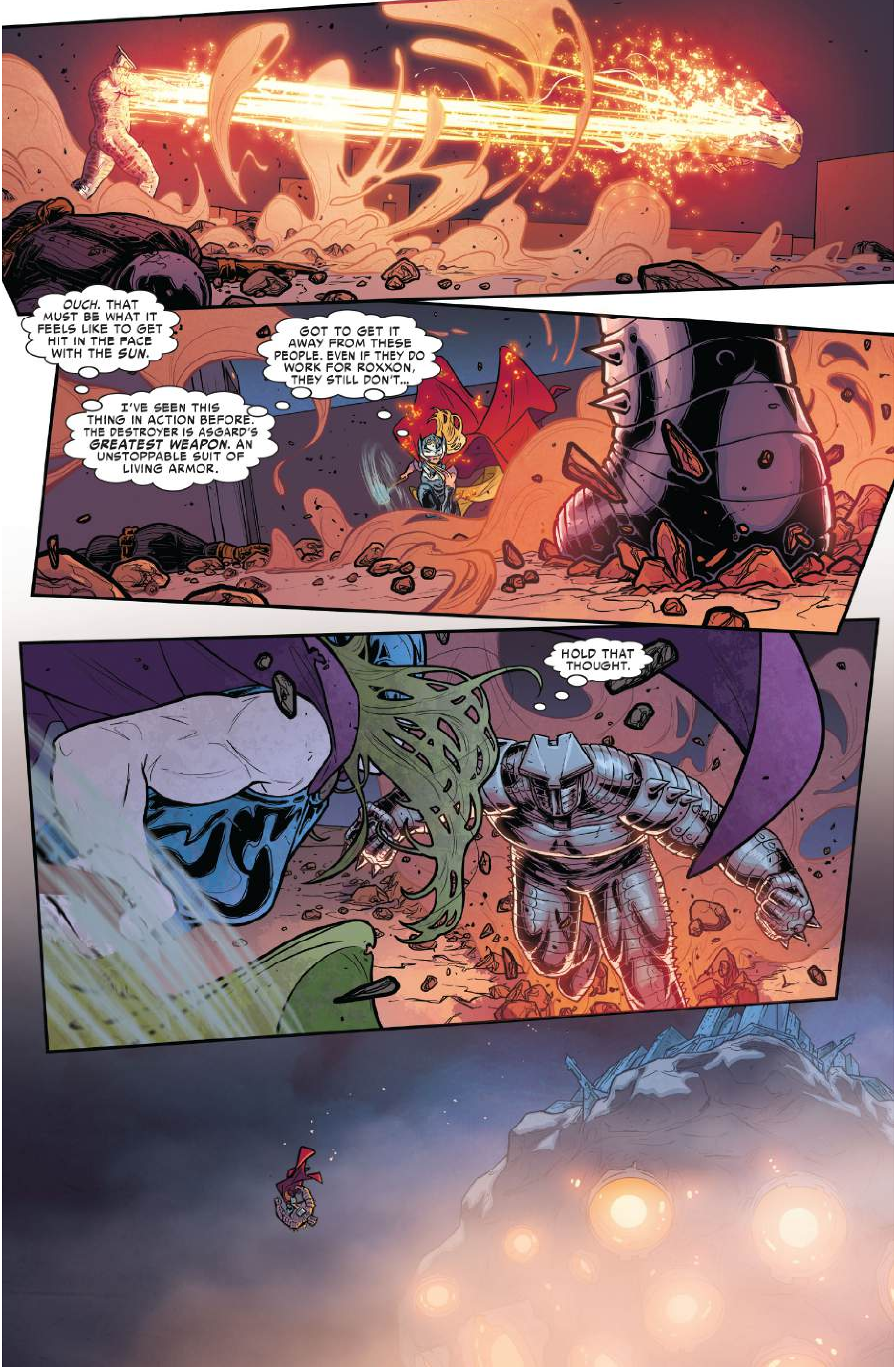

WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?
OH, JUST POURING MYSELF ANOTHER MARGARITA. WHAT'S UP, PHIL?
SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE HAVING A NICE, RELAXING TIME. I'M REALLY HAPPY TO HEAR THAT.
I KNOW YOU HAD A ROUGH STRETCH THERE, WHAT WITH ALL THAT NASTY ROXXON BUSINESS IN BROXTON.*
FURTHEST THING FROM MY MIND RIGHT NOW.
THAT'S GREAT. 'CAUSE IF I'M BEING HONEST, I WAS REALLY WORRIED ABOUT YOU BEING ABLE TO LET GO FOR A BIT.
THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU AS SOON AS I SAW THE ALERT.
WHAT... ALERT...IS THAT?
ROXXON IS REPORTING A BREAK-IN AT ONE OF ITS SUBTERRANEAN FACILITIES.
YOU DON'T... SAY?
HRRGGHH.
ROZ?
THUD
YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT, WOULD YOU?
NOPE, NOT RINGING ANY BELLS.
*SEE THOR: GOD OF THUNDER #19-24. --WIL

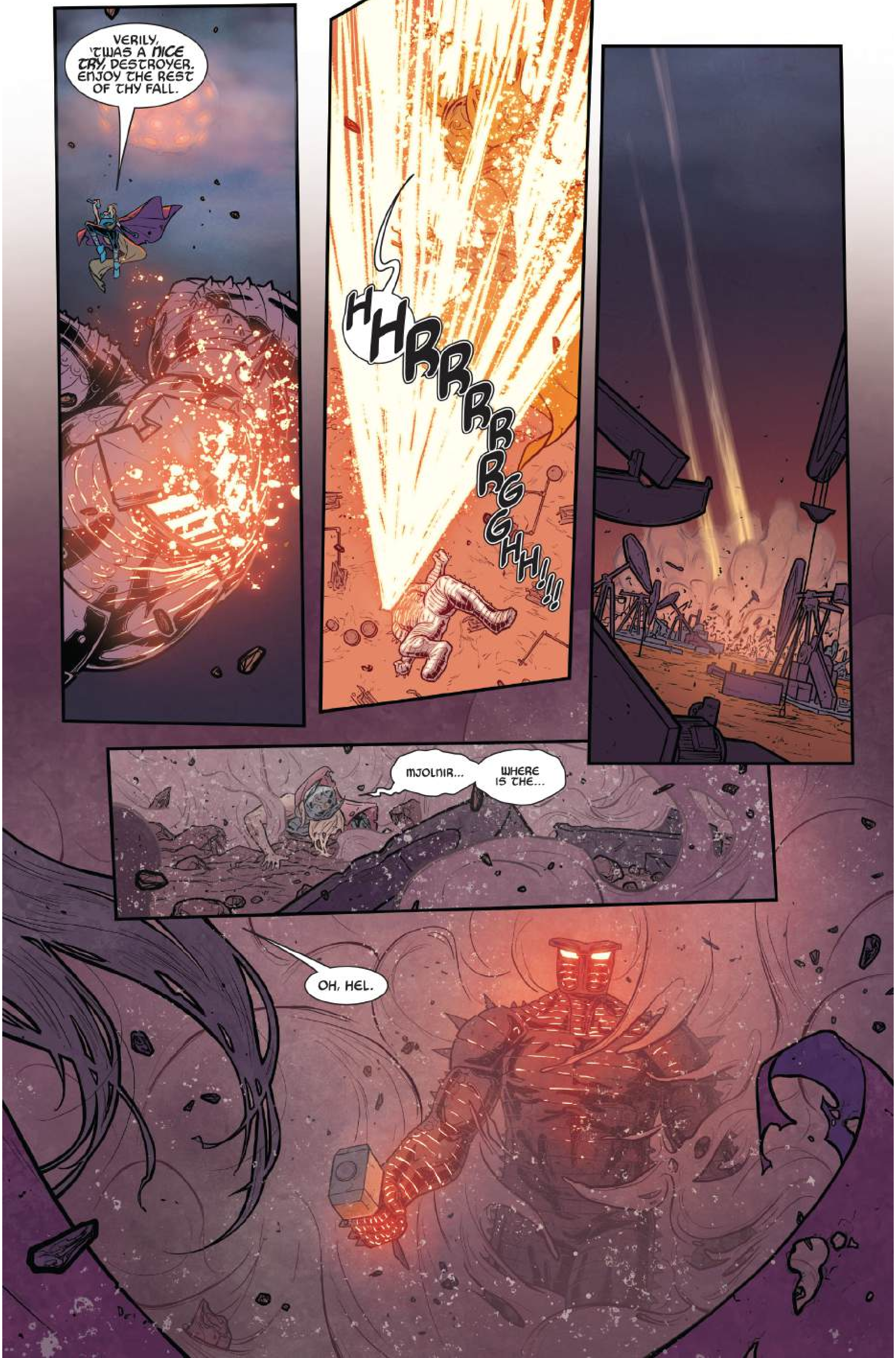

AAAAAARRRGGHHH!
BUT ON A COMPLETELY UNRELATED NOTE, I DID RECENTLY STUMBLE ACROSS SOME HARD EVIDENCE OF ROXXON'S MASSIVE AND MASSIVELY ILLEGAL UNDERGROUND TOXIC WASTE DUMP.
ding
YOU'RE GONNA BE THE DEATH OF ME, ROZ.
NO, ROXXON WILL. THEY'LL BE THE DEATH OF US ALL, UNLESS WE STOP THEM.
DID YOU TAKE ANY ACTUAL TIME-OFF AT ALL?
I SLEPT UNTIL AFTER FIVE THIS MORNING. DOES THAT COUNT?
ding
ding
YOU JUST EARNED YOURSELF THREE MORE WEEKS OF PAID VACATION. THAT'S AN ORDER.
NOW YOU'RE JUST BEING MEAN, COULSON.
LOOK, IF IT'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY, I'LL CALL THOR AND SEE IF HE WANTS TO GO OUT FOR A DRINK. STILL DOESN'T MAKE HIM MY BOYFRIEND, THOUGH.
THOR? OH, ROZ, I THOUGHT YOU KNEW.
KNEW WHAT?


BOOOOMMMMMM...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "LOST HIS HAMMER"?
HAPPENED A FEW DAYS AGO. WE DON'T KNOW ALL THE DETAILS YET. BUT WHAT WE KNOW ISN'T GOOD.
BOYFRIEND OR NOT...IT MIGHT BE A GOOD TIME TO REACH OUT TO HIM.
WHERE DO I *FIND* HIM?


FOUND THE *HAMMER*, BUT NO THOR.
IF HE'S GONE, IT WON'T BE FOR LONG. HE RARELY LEAVES THE SIDE OF THAT THING. HE STILL TRIES TO PICK IT UP EVERY CHANCE HE--
COULSON? COULSON, COME IN.
HEY, DID YOU KNOW THERE'S ACTUALLY BREATHABLE AIR IN THE BLUE AREA OF THE...
IT'S STILL *BEAUTIFUL*, ISN'T IT?
EVEN AFTER ALL THE *HORRIBLE* CRAP WE'VE DONE TO IT--IT STILL TAKES YOUR BREATH AWAY.
AND IT'S STILL WORTH *FIGHTING* FOR. EVEN IF THE MORE WE FIGHT, THE LESS IT SEEMS LIKE A BATTLE WE CAN ACTUALLY WIN.
COMPANIES LIKE ROXXON ARE ONLY GETTING STRONGER AND MORE RECKLESS, WHILE S.H.I.E.L.D.'S RESOURCES AND ALLIES KEEP DWINDLING AWAY.
IF WE ONLY HAD SOMETHING TO TIP THE SCALES, SOMETHING *BIG* THAT COULD...


NOW.
ROXXON ISLAND.
YOU CAME HERE SEEKING BATTLE!
BATTLE YOU HAVE FOUND!
NOW FALLS THE DESTROYER!


*OUCH*. THAT MUST BE WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO GET HIT IN THE FACE WITH THE *SUN*.
GOT TO GET IT AWAY FROM THESE PEOPLE. EVEN IF THEY DO WORK FOR ROXXON, THEY STILL DON'T...
I'VE SEEN THIS THING IN ACTION BEFORE. THE DESTROYER IS ASGARD'S ***GREATEST WEAPON***. AN UNSTOPPABLE SUIT OF LIVING ARMOR.
HOLD THAT THOUGHT.


VERILY, 'TWAS A *NICE TRY,* DESTROYER. ENJOY THE REST OF THY FALL.
HHRRRRRRGGHH!!!
MJOLNIR...
WHERE IS THE...
OH, HEL.